

# MERRY'S MUSEUM

and

## PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY  
ROBERT MERRY,  
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# CONTENTS TO VOLUME XII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1846.

An Esquimaux Girl, . . . . . 1	Aphorisms, . . . . . 64	The Adventures of a
Adventures in Japan, by	The Yellow Leaf, . . . . . 64	Ninepence, . . . . . 140
Michael Kastoff, . . . . . 2, 34, 36,	The Learned Dogs, . . . . . 65	What is our Duty here, . . 143
103, 143, 170	English Racer, . . . . . 69	Wrinkles, . . . . . 143
The Grateful Bonze, . . . . . 7	Lord Lovat, . . . . . 69	Montezuma, . . . . . 144
The Printing Press, . . . . . 9	The Little Fish and the	Greedy Robin, . . . . . 145
Wild People, . . . . . 9, 45	Fisher, . . . . . 73	Hope, . . . . . 145
Butterflies, . . . . . 14	Kindness of the Horse, . . 73	The Butterfly, . . . . . 146
The Story of Colbert, 15, 42, 66	The Goat and the Morn-	The Pebble and the Acorn, 147
Blind Horse, . . . . . 18	ing Ride, . . . . . 74	The Cup of Tea, . . . . . 147
Two Famous Rogues, . . . . . 19	The Story of Valentine	The Ambitious Weed, . . 152
Mount Auburn, . . . . . 21, 78, 110,	Duval, . . . . . 75, 114, 141, 179	The Generosity of a Sail-
134	Varieties, . . . . . 77	or, . . . . . 158
John Marshall, . . . . . 25	The Grasshopper and the	Varieties, . . . . . 158
The Russian and his Sleigh, 26	Ant, . . . . . 82	The Swiss Boy's Fare-
The Kamtskadales, . . . . . 27	A Peep at Architecture, . . 83	well, . . . . . 159
"Take Care of No. 1," 23, 54,	Varieties, . . . . . 85	Autumn Thoughts, . . . 160
92, 121, 153	The London Stone, . . . . . 89	Life, . . . . . 160
The Scottish Shepherd, . . . 30	Stanzas, . . . . . 94	Pilgrimages, . . . . . 161
A Request, . . . . . 31	King Alfred, . . . . . 95	A Child's First Knowl-
Our Correspondence, . . . . 31	Shetland Poney, . . . . . 95	edge of Death, . . . . . 162
Hop's Melody for the	The Moth's Song, . . . . . 95	The Balloon, . . . . . 163
Young Ones, . . . . . 32	Varieties, . . . . . 96	Death and Sleep, . . . . 164
August, . . . . . 33	The Young Exile's La-	Sir Walter Scott, . . . . 165
Anagram, . . . . . 39	ment, . . . . . 96	Forced into the Right
Awkward Adventures, . . . . 40	A Swiss Girl, . . . . . 97	Path, . . . . . 166
The Avalanche, . . . . . 41	The Parrot, . . . . . 98	Musical Rats, . . . . . 169
Wonders of the Honey	Industry, . . . . . 105	An Eastern Story, . . . . 175
Bea, . . . . . 47, 70, 100, 130, 166	Forgive thy Foes, . . . . . 105	The Nests of Birds, . . . 175
Mother of Pearl, . . . . . 50	The Lollard's Tower, . . . 107	Lady Washington, . . . . 176
The Fox, . . . . . 51	Varieties, . . . . . 107	Caves, . . . . . 177
Nursery Rhymes, . . . . . 52	Whang, the Miller, . . . . . 117	The Llama, . . . . . 178
Adventure with a Lion, . . . 57	Value of the Bible, . . . . . 120	Honesty of a Moravian, . . 178
Varieties, . . . . . 59	Our Correspondence, . . . 123	The Discontented Pendu-
The Raven and the Fox, . . . 59	The Child and Flower, . . . 123	lum, . . . . . 185
Military Spirit, . . . . . 60	Autumn, . . . . . 129	Zerah Colburn, . . . . . 186
The Leopard, . . . . . 61	Old Familiar Faces, . . . . 133	Enigma, . . . . . 187
The Story of Chicama, 62, 90,	The Shepherd Boy and	Christmas Hymn, . . . . . 187
113, 155	his Dog, . . . . . 137	The Greedy Fox, . . . . . 188
An Ass's Revenge, . . . . . 63	The Vase and the Pitcher, 139	

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# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XII.

JULY, 1846.

No. 1



An Esquimaux Girl.

**I**T is a curious fact, that, at both ends of the world, the human race seems to be dwindled into creatures that would look, to us, like dwarfs. At Terra del Fuego, the southern point of South America, the people are not only short, but thin and squalid, seeming rather like two-legged beasts than men and women.

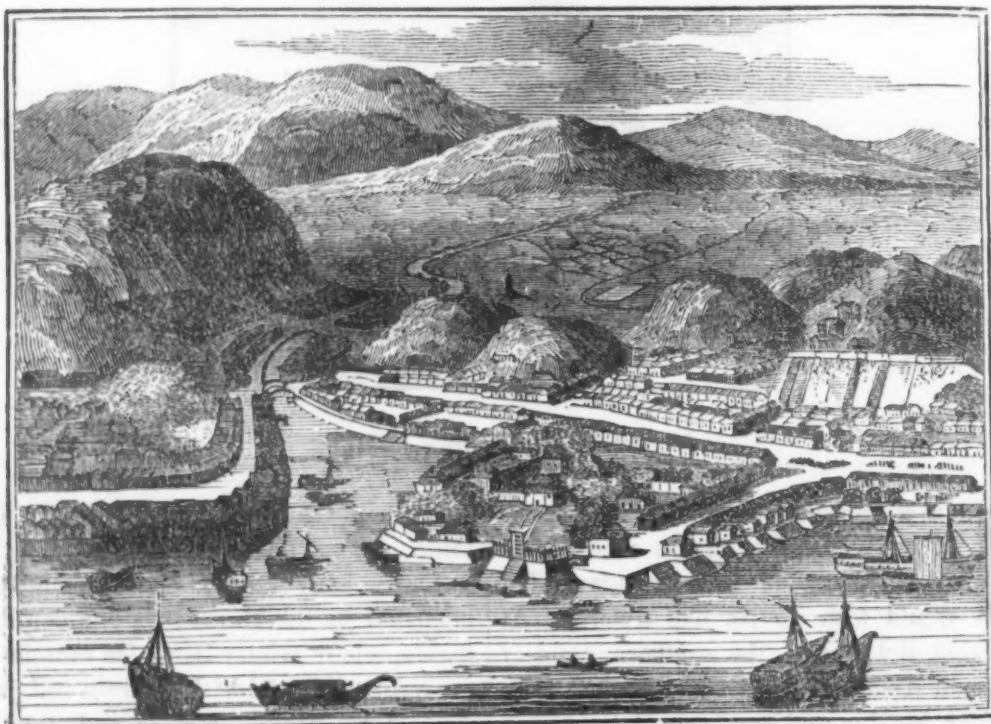
At the northern extremity of the globe, in Europe, Asia, and America, the inhabitants are also short, but they seem to be pretty well fed, plump, and hearty. The Samoyedes in Asia, the Laplanders in Europe, and the Esquimaux of our continent, are probably all of the same race; and though the latter are in a more savage

state than the others, they possess the same general characteristics.

Every body knows that the country inhabited by the Esquimaux is a desolate region, where winter lasts nine months of the year, and where the barren soil produces little besides mosses and stunted shrubs and trees. It is impossible to raise wheat, corn, or other grain in such a country; no apples, pears, or peaches, are ever seen in that barren land. What, then, shall the people do for food? One would think that they must starve; but it is not so. Nature has provided them with an almost perpetual feast. The reindeer and the musk ox are fitted to the climate, and here is their paradise

Upon these creatures the Esquimaux subsist a part of the year, and in winter they settle down along the sea-coast, where they find abundance of seals, walruses, whales, and fish. They build themselves huts of ice, clothe their fat bodies in plenty of seal-skins, eat blubber fat and seal oil, drink brandy, when they can get it, drive over the snow

with sledges drawn by dogs, catch seals by day, and tell long stories at night. After all, as travellers tell us, these little people live a jolly life, laugh and get fat, as well as others. Nay, Captain Parry tells us, that some of them are quite good-looking, and, in evidence of this, he furnishes a portrait of a girl making a snow shoe, which we have copied above.



*View of a City in Japan.*

## Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

### CHAPTER I.

**B**EFORE I begin the account of my voyages and adventures, I deem it necessary to say a few words by way of apology for writing it. I am not a learned man. What learning could be ex-

pected of a Russian sailor? But accident has thrown me in the way of a species of knowledge which few learned men ever possessed; and I think this a sufficient justification of the very ambitious attempt to write a book. I have been among the Japanese, and seen more of

that people than perhaps any man living. This is my excuse for undertaking to write about them.

Japan is a "sealed country" to all common travellers; such a place as the ancient poets and romancers had in their minds when they wrote about the Gardens of the Hesperides; a region that excited the strongest curiosity, and which every body would wish to see, but from which all strangers were excluded. In fact, there is no part of the world which is so little known, and at the same time so worthy of exciting a rational curiosity, as the empire of Japan. Its immense population, its great wealth and industry, its progress in the useful and elegant arts, the peculiarities of its civil and religious government, and the curious manners and modes of thinking of its people, strongly attract our notice, and give it a hold upon our curiosity.

But for more than two hundred years, Japan has been closed against all foreigners, with the exception of a few Chinese and Dutch, who are allowed to hold a very limited intercourse with one seaport in the empire, Nagasaki, where they are shut up almost as closely as convicts in a prison. Several attempts have been made by the Europeans and Americans to open an intercourse with different parts of the empire, but all these attempts have been defeated by the jealous vigilance with which the natives guard against the intrusion of foreigners. It is a law of the empire, that no Japanese shall, on any pretence, quit his country; and all foreigners, who are thrown by shipwreck upon their coasts, are kept in strict confinement till they can be sent home by one of the foreign ships which are

allowed to visit the port above mentioned.

Moreover, if the difficulty of learning any thing about Japan excite our curiosity, what we do learn of it by accident is no less calculated to raise our wonder, and even in some respects our admiration and envy. Japan is a singular and highly-favored country. Situated apart from either great continent, between the Old World and the New, it seems to be almost free from the possibility of any danger from foreign aggression. Japan, in its external aspect, can be compared to no country of Europe except the finest parts of Italy, and is cultivated like a garden to the summit of the hills. It enjoys a climate which admits of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical regions without their insalubrity, and contains, within the compass of a few islands, a population of thirty-four millions of people living under a strict despotism, and that despotism not the will of an individual, but the power of a steadfast, severe, and immutable system of laws, which have for ages kept this vast multitude perfectly safe and free from civil dissension and foreign invasion.

What appears still more singular in respect to the Japanese, is, that their intercourse with foreigners is becoming more and more restricted, so that there seems good reason to apprehend a total cessation of it before many years. When their country was first discovered by the Europeans, they admitted them to a free intercourse. The Portuguese took advantage of this, and settled themselves in the country, where they formed commercial establishments, and even converted many of the natives to Christianity. But they unwisely interfered with the politics of

the Japanese, in consequence of which they were expelled from the empire, between two and three hundred years ago. The Dutch had the good fortune to retain a footing at their factory, or trading-house, in the harbor of Nagasaki, where they have remained ever since. But a Dutchman is hardly allowed to put his nose out of doors here; and the governor of the factory, who is permitted to make a visit of ceremony to the capital once in four years, is shut up in a close carriage during all the journey, so that he can see about as much of the country as a wild beast in a menagerie, who is carried from town to town in a caravan. The Japanese grow more and more shy every year, and it seems as if the more they saw of foreigners the more they disliked them.

Now for my story. I sailed, in the capacity of a gunner, on board of the Russian sloop of war *Feodorowna*, Captain Puschkin, from Cronstadt, the port of St. Petersburg, on the 17th of July, 1839. The voyage was a long one. Our purpose was, to pay a visit to Kamtschatka and the Russian settlements on the north-west coast of America. After touching at the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, Manilla, and other ports on the route, at which we made visits of considerable length, we found ourselves, in the beginning of April, the following year, in the latitude of  $39^{\circ}$  north, and, as we judged, not less than 170 miles to the eastward of the coast of Japan. We were steering under a fair wind on a north-east course, which would, according to our computation, have carried us toward Kamtschatka. On the 8th of April, about two hours before daylight, the ship, being under full sail, struck suddenly upon a shoal. The

sails were immediately taken in, an anchor was carried out astern, and every attempt made to heave her off, but without success. Fortunately, the sea was comparatively smooth, with only a gentle breeze; but a thick fog, which had gathered round us since midnight, hindered us from seeing more than a cable's length from the ship.

In this extremity, all the boats were got out, manned and equipped, for the worst that might happen. As the daylight came on, and the fog gradually cleared away, we discovered, to our great surprise, the land close aboard of us, being a rocky and mountainous coast, extending a great distance to the north and west. It was now evident that, owing to an error in the calculation of our longitude, or the currents in this part of the ocean, we had been for several days almost in sight of the coast of Japan without knowing it. We hove overboard our guns, and many other heavy articles, to lighten the ship, and, the weather continuing favorable, the boats and anchors were all put in requisition, which succeeded in heaving her off into deep water before sunset. The wind then died away; we sounded the pumps, and found the ship was still tight; but, for want of a breeze, we kept her at anchor through the night, which was dark and foggy, like the preceding. This coast, I may remark, is almost always beset with fogs, and, on that account, is very dangerous to navigators.

During the night, I was stationed in the ship's pinnace, which lay moored under her stern. Overcome with the fatigues of the day, I fell fast asleep, and, being alone in the boat, did not wake for a long time. By some accident on board the



ship, the boat's mooring became loose, and the tide swept me gently away from the ship. The night was so dark that this was not perceived, and when the sun rose, the pinnacle was not to be seen by the ship's crew. It was soon discovered that I was missing, and the general belief of my companions was, that I had made my escape and deserted to the Japanese. It would have been to no purpose to spend time in searching for me, as it was notorious that the Japanese were accustomed to fire upon the ships that approach their coast. Besides, the Feodorowna had lost her guns, and could do nothing against the natives. So the ship weighed anchor and sailed off, leaving me adrift on the coast of Japan!

For my part, I slept soundly till broad day, by which time I had drifted, as I afterwards computed, about seventeen miles to the south-west, along the land. When I awoke, you may imagine my astonishment to find myself out of sight of the ship. The land was not more than three or four miles distant, but no sail could be seen except a few fishing-boats just putting off from the shore. In a moment, I comprehended all the hazards and horrors of my situation. I was alone, abandoned by my countrymen and friends, upon the coast of a strange land! What remained for me to experience and suffer, I had no means of knowing, for I was totally ignorant of the manners of the people who inhabited these islands. They might be, for all I knew, the most ferocious barbarians, who would keep me in hopeless slavery, or perhaps sacrifice me to some savage deity or monstrous idol. I remembered the raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories, which our sailors used to tell one another about the natives of

Japan — how they once caught a Dutch skipper, that was shipwrecked on their coast, and roasted him whole for dinner like a sucking pig; and how seven Russian sailors were kidnapped in the same way, and were all stewed in Japan teapots, to make broth for the great Cubo Sama. These stories might now prove to be true, though I only laughed at them before; but fear is a powerful arguer, and no man knows what he may believe, till he finds danger staring him in the face.

My dismal forebodings so far occupied my mind, that, for nearly an hour, I was unable to master my feelings sufficiently to look around me and consider what was to be done. Had I not been in such a prodigious fright, I should have been roused to admiration by the prospect of the coast along which the tide was now rapidly drifting me. From the short distance of the boat from the shore, I had a distinct and perfect view of an infinity of picturesque spots, which rapidly succeeded each other like the diorama of an artificial show. The whole country seemed to consist of lofty pointed hills, sometimes appearing in the form of pyramids, at others in a conical form, and at other times in graceful swells and roundings, each group seeming to lie under the protection of some very lofty mountain far in the interior, springing up to a noble height, in majestic sublimity. Liberal as nature appeared in the adornment of this coast, the industry of the Japanese seemed not a little to have contributed to its beauty; for nothing could surpass the extraordinary degree of cultivation which every where met the eye. Not only the plains and valleys, but even the mountains, were

covered to their very summits with the most beautiful fields and plantations. Nay, the very rocks by the sea-side were in many cases topped and spotted with little green gardens and bright patches of culture, which shone out upon their dark gray and blue sides in the most agreeable contrast. One object in particular, which excited my astonishment, was an alley or avenue of high trees stretching over hill and dale along the coast as far as the eye could reach, with arbors at certain distances, which appeared designed as resting-places for the weary traveller. The whole view of the country offered so novel and enchanting a prospect, that, notwithstanding the catastrophe which had befallen me, I gazed at it with feelings almost approaching to cheerfulness.

As the current set my boat along nearer the shore, several fishing-boats passed at a short distance, but none of them seemed inclined to hold any intercourse with me. I made signs to them, and endeavored, by the help of my oars, to get near enough to come to speak with them; but they steered off to sea, whether frightened by the appearance of a stranger, or not caring to waste their time, I could not make out. I then pulled in for the shore, determined to land, and run the risk of my reception, for better or worse.

With this view, I directed my course toward a bay which was sheltered by a cluster of small islands, and within which I discovered a town of large size. As I approached, the number of fishing-boats increased, and I passed through whole fleets of them without any one making an attempt to molest me. I rowed directly for the shore, as soon as I had got

inside the bay, and landed on the beach, not far from a fort which defended the entrance. I could see great numbers of men on the walls of the fort, who appeared intent on observing my motions. As soon as I had jumped on shore, I was surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty persons, and was addressed by one who appeared to be an officer; but not a word of his language could I make out, except the word *Olanda*, which I knew was the name which the Japanese give to the Dutch. I supposed they were asking me the question whether I was a Dutchman, and I was about to reply, "Yes," thinking it might help me along with them for the moment; but, on second thought, I determined to practise no deception upon them, lest it might lead to disagreeable consequences in the end: I therefore shook my head, and answered, "*Russ.*" Whether they understood this or not, I cannot tell; but the next thing they did was to seize my hands and tie them behind my back.

This movement, you may be sure, caused me no very agreeable sensations; in fact, I began to think some very rough treatment was beginning. I was then carried off to a long, low building, at a short distance from the fort, where they caused me to fall down upon my knees, and then proceeded to bind and pinion me, in what I thought the most cruel manner. This was done with cords of about the thickness of my finger; and then another binding, with smaller cords, followed, which was still more painful. No shopkeeper's parcel was ever done up more securely than I was. There were knots and nooses all over me, and all at equal distances from each other on the

cords. My elbows almost touched each other behind, and my hands were firmly bound together. A long rope was made fast to my hands, and the end of it was held by one of the Japanese. Had I made the least attempt to escape, he could, by merely pulling this rope, bring my elbows in contact, so as to cause me the most excruciating pain, besides tightening the rope about my neck, so as to produce strangulation. After this, they put another rope round my neck, and passed the end of it over one of the cross-beams of the building, pulling it so tight that it was impossible for me to move.

I have been the more particular in describing the manner in which I was pinioned, because, as I learned afterwards, the Japanese government have fixed these matters by the most precise and minute regulations, and all prisoners and interlopers among them are bound exactly in the same manner, with the same number of knots. Consequently, the Japanese underlings are very expert in the practice, and never let a man slip through their fingers for want of skill. What I set down at first as cruelty, turned out to be merely a strict observance of the law; and perhaps the treatment is not more severe than is necessary for the safe-keeping of prisoners.

While they were tying me up in this fashion, the officer several times made signs to me, and pointed to his mouth. Now, whether this was meant as an intimation that they were going to eat me, or whether it was a query as to my being hungry, I could not guess; but I must say, when I found myself trussed up in this manner, like a skewered turkey, I had some horrible misgivings about being

eaten, either raw or roasted. They next proceeded — not to cut me into slices — but to search my pockets, out of which they took every thing I had. I was kept standing here about an hour, while the Japanese continued round me, smoking their pipes, staring strangely at me, and talking with one another. The cord round my neck was then loosened, and they led me out of the building along the shore. Several armed men attended me as a guard, although I was tied so tight that a child of six years old might have led me whithersoever he pleased. Such was the style in which I made my entry into the empire of Japan!

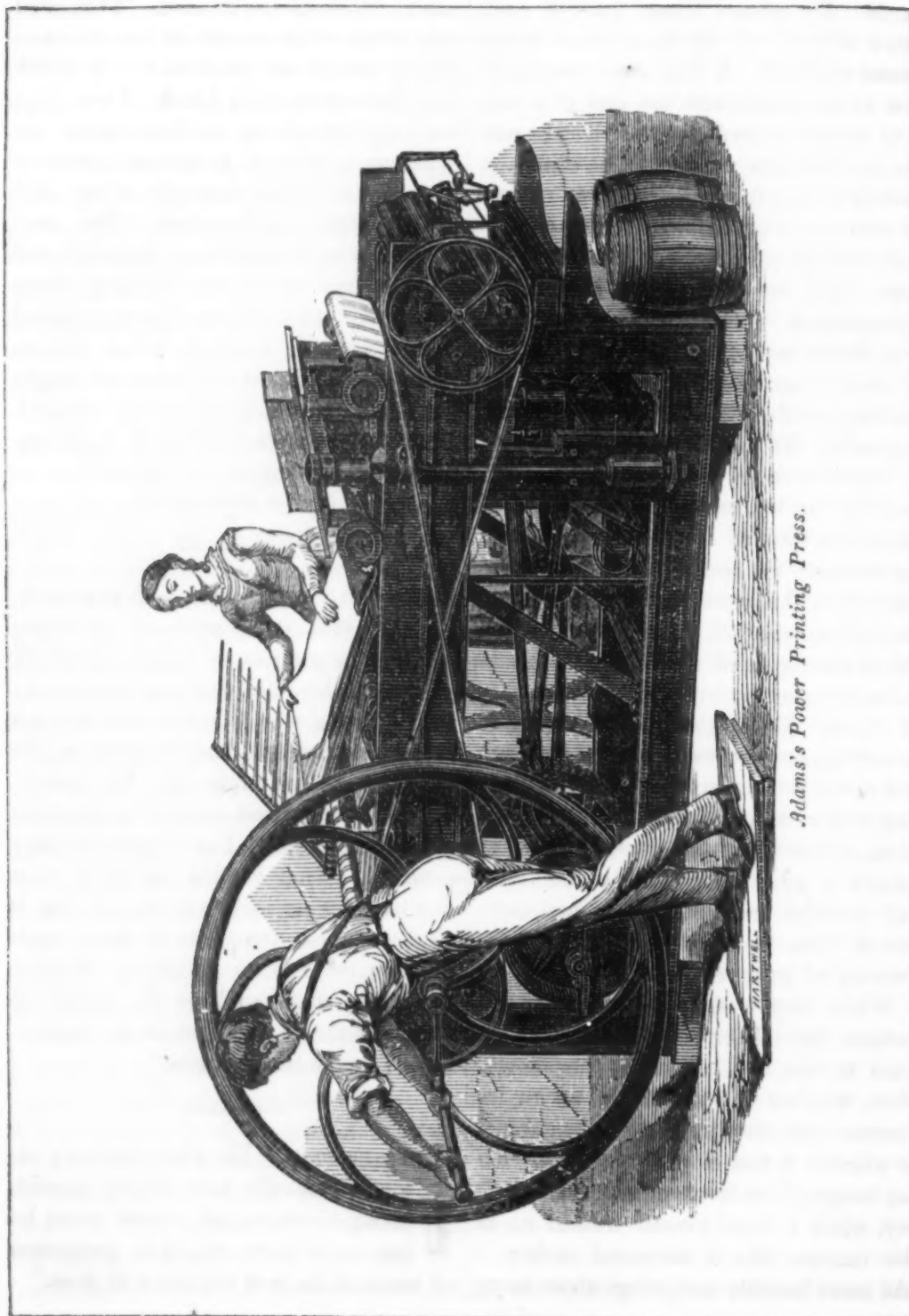
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE GRATEFUL BONZE.—A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old bonze, who followed him through several streets, and, bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" replied the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any jewels." "No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire."

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AVATER says, "He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man."



*Adams's Power Printing Press.*



## The Printing Press.

**T**HERE are many things going on around us, which are so common as hardly to attract attention, yet which may well suggest many interesting reflections. Among these, there is nothing more important, nothing more wonderful, whether we consider the ingenuity of its invention or the importance of its results, than the printing press.

It is known to most people, that printing with types was invented just about four hundred years ago. Previous to that time, books were written, and a copy of the Bible was worth a good house and farm. Now, a Bible can be bought for fifty cents. This wonderful change has not been brought about wholly by Guttenburg's invention of movable types; the printing press has a good deal to do with it. Thirty years ago, all printing was done by a hand press, and with this about two hundred impressions could be taken in an hour; with a power press—wrought by steam—three thousand to five thousand impressions may be taken in that time.

If any of our Boston readers desire to see a power press in operation, let them go to Dickinson's mammoth establishment, at the sign of the two golden globes, Washington Street, and they can witness this miracle of art, working like a giant, to scatter light and knowledge over the world. When one looks upon a machine of this sort, he can hardly fail to imagine that the very iron is ordained, with an impatient, fiery zeal, to print, publish, and spread abroad its precious stores of knowledge.

We give, on the opposite page, a view of Adams's Power Press, which is greatly

esteemed for the celerity, ease, and accuracy with which it operates. This is wrought by a man, who turns a crank; but steam may be, and often is, applied to this kind of press. The girl in the picture is occupied in laying on the sheets, and the machine does the rest. If any of our young readers have never seen a power press, let them lose no time in paying a visit to one, of which there are many in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c.

## Wild People.

[Continued from vol. xi. p. 175.]

**I**N our preceding number, we gave an account of Peter the Wild Boy, and promised to say something about other wild people. We now give an account of Mademoiselle Leblanc.

One evening in the autumn of 1731, the villagers of Soigny, near Chalons, in the north-east of France, were engaged in a little festival, or *ducasse*, when their merriment was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a wild animal in human form. Its hair was long, and floated over its shoulders. The rest of the form was black, and nearly naked, and in the hand was wielded a short, thick club. The terrified peasants mistook it for an evil spirit, and, not daring to attack it themselves, let loose a huge dog, having a collar surrounded with iron spikes, which they kept for the protection of the village against marauders. The strange figure, so far from flying, stood at bay, and awaited the attack of its assailant without a sign of fear. The dog, furiously set on by the peasants, made a sudden spring at the intruder's throat; but one violent and

dexterously-dealt blow from the cudgel laid the beast dead on the spot. The wild creature then turned, crossed the fields at a rapid pace, and, darting into the forest whence it had first emerged, climbed a tree with the activity of a squirrel. The villagers were too frightened to follow it, and all traces of the alarming visitor were lost for several days.

Meanwhile the proprietor, or *seigneur*, of the estate of which Soigny formed a part, having heard of the adventure, caused search to be made in every part of the wood; but without effect. In about a week, however, one of his servants perceived in the orchard of the chateau, during the night, a strange-looking figure mounted on a well-laden apple-tree. The domestic, having more courage than the villagers, approached the tree stealthily; but, ere he could reach it, the creature sprang into another, and passing from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, at length escaped from the orchard, and fled to the summit of a high tree in a neighboring grove. The servant awoke his master, who instantly arose, ordered up all his household, and sent one to the village to desire the assistance of some of the peasants. They all assembled at the foot of the tree, determined to prevent the escape of this singular being, who made every effort to conceal itself amidst the foliage, though without being able wholly to escape observation.

The villagers at once recognized it as the "evil spirit" who had killed their dog, while the Seigneur de Soigny was able to distinguish that the creature resembled a young girl, and explained, to quiet the fears of the peasants, that she

was in all probability some unhappy maniac, who had escaped from confinement, and whom thirst (for the weather was oppressively warm) had driven from her haunts in the forests.

They continued to watch all that night and part of the following day, when Madame de Soigny proposed that a pail of water should be placed at the foot of the tree, and that the people should retire, so as to induce the maniac to descend. The stratagem succeeded. After some hesitation, the creature came down, and eagerly approached the pail to drink, which she did like a horse — plunging her face into the water. The by-standers immediately rushed forward to secure her, but did not without much difficulty. Both her fingers and toes were armed with long and sharp nails, and she used them with great address and perseverance against her assailants; but after some trouble, they captured and conveyed her to the chateau.

She was taken into the kitchen. It happened that the cook was preparing some fowls for the spit; and on seeing them, the girl broke away from her captors, seized, and, though raw, devoured them with avidity. It was evident, from the quantity she ate, and the eagerness with which she swallowed it, that she had not tasted food for a long time. Her appetite once satisfied, she looked around, and without betraying any lively signs of curiosity at the surrounding objects, evinced by her actions and countenance that they were quite strange to her. She appeared to be from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the blackness of her skin arose partly from constant exposure, and partly from dirt. She uttered no ar-

ticulate sounds, but occasionally made a loud and unpleasant noise with her throat.

Monsieur de Soigny and his wife were for some time at a loss to know what to do with their extraordinary guest. During the rest of the day, she manifested the utmost impatience at the restraint she was placed under, and showed every desire to escape to the forest. At night, she refused to eat the food which was offered her, because, probably, it had been cooked, and could not by any inducement be persuaded to lie on a bed. All attempts to clothe her were equally useless.

By dint of management, however, and constant attention from Madame de Soigny and her household, the young wild girl became gradually reconciled to her new state. Her repugnance to clothing and to dressed food was gradually overcome, and after the lapse of a month, it was found practicable to allow her to range about the chateau unattended; for her desire to escape appeared to have left her. In a little time longer, it was thought advisable to take her out of doors; for the sudden and complete change in her mode of life was injuring her health. This was rather a hazardous experiment, and her host took care to be well attended while accompanying her. The moment she got into the fields, she set off, running with a speed which was truly astonishing, and not one of the party could keep up with her on foot; but De Soigny, being on horseback, managed to keep her within sight. After a time, she came to the brink of a small lake. Here she stopped, and, divesting herself of her clothes, plunged into the water. Her host began to dread she had endeavored to escape from him by self-destruction; but on

arriving at the pond, he was gratified to find her swimming about with the greatest ease and dexterity. Soon, however, his fears were again awakened, for she dived and remained under water so long, that he gave her up for lost. He was in the act of preparing himself for an attempt to save her, when, to his relief, she again appeared on the surface, gracefully shaking the water from her long hair. As she approached the shore, something was perceived in her mouth, which glistened in the sun; and on coming out of the water, De Soigny was astonished to find that, during her long dive, she had employed herself in catching a fish, which she devoured on the shore. Having resumed her apparel, she returned home peaceably with the domestics, whom they met on their way back.

It was long before the girl could be taught to make articulate sounds; which was the more singular, as there were scarcely any of the noises peculiar to a forest which she could not imitate. She occasionally amused her new companions by copying the cries of wild animals and of birds so exactly, that there was no difficulty in recognizing the beast or bird she was imitating. The song of the nightingale, however, was beyond her powers, for she never attempted to imitate that. From all these facts, it was concluded that she was not, as at first conjectured, an escaped maniac, but some unfortunate being who had been abandoned in infancy, and had managed to subsist in the woods in a perfect state of nature.

Great pains were taken to teach her to speak, and, after much perseverance, they were crowned with success. It was noticed that, as she improved in speaking,

the feelings and ideas belonging to her early habits left her; and it was unfortunate that, in proportion as her ability to communicate her early history increased, new feelings and new mental resources impaired her memory of her old way of life. Still, some of the most important facts connected with her former existence she retained; the most striking and interesting of them being the one which led to her capture.

All that she could remember, when able to speak well enough to be understood, was, that she had lived in the woods as long as her memory could trace, with, up to a very recent period, a companion about her own age, supposed to have been a sister. Of her parents, her recollections were extremely indistinct. The idea she communicated regarding them was something like this: That they lived near the sea-shore, and collected sea-weed for manure. In the winter, she and her companion covered themselves with the skin of some animal they had previously slain for food; but in the summer, they had no other covering than a girdle. To this she suspended the only weapon she ever possessed — the short, strong cudgel with which she so promptly slew the village watch-dog. In speaking of this cudgel, she invariably applied to it the word which signifies a wild boar's snout, (*boutoir*), to which in shape it had some remote resemblance. It was to her an important weapon, for with it she killed such wild animals as afforded her sustenance. One remarkable but not very pleasing trait in her past history was her fondness for blood, and particularly that of hares. Whenever she caught a hare, she did not kill it at once, but, opening a

vein with her sharp nails, sucked the blood, and threw away the carcass. This fondness for hares' blood did not wholly leave her in after life.

Of her companion she remembered nothing except her death. They were swimming together, as near as could be understood, in the River Marne, (which gives the name to the department in which the wood of Soigny is situated,) when a shot from the gun of a sportsman — who perhaps mistook them for water-fowl — passed close to them. They instantly dived, and, having swam for some distance under water, escaped into a part of the forest which was supposed to have been near to some village. Here they happened to find something (whether a chaplet or string of beads, could not be sufficiently made out) which each wished to possess. In the struggle that ensued, the sister inflicted a sharp blow on the wild girl's arm, which was returned on the head with a stroke from the "*boutoir*," with so much violence, that she became, in the words of the narrator, "all red." This excited her sorrow, and she ran off to seek some remedy. It was difficult to make out the nature of the intended remedy; still it was clear that some curative means was known to the young savage; but whether gum obtained from a tree, or the skin of a frog bound to the wound with strips of bark, could not, from the confused nature of the recital, be ascertained. Be that as it may, on her return to the spot where she had left her sister weltering in blood, she could nowhere find her. Her grief was now redoubled, and she sought every part of the wood in vain; nor did she relax her search till coming suddenly upon the



villagers at Soigny, whither she had wandered in the hope of quenching her thirst. The rest of her story is known. Her companion was never heard of more; and it was thought that she must have been dragged away by a wolf to his den, and there devoured. The accident happened, as near as could be computed, about three days before the capture of the survivor near the chateau.

In a very few months the fame of Monsieur de Soigny's strange inmate spread to Chalons, and thence to Paris. De Choiseul, bishop of that diocese, went expressly to Soigny to see her, and inquire into every particular concerning her. The result was, that he caused her to be removed into a convent. It must be owned that the inhabitants of the chateau were not displeased at the change. The wild girl, despite her improvement, cost them much fear and anxiety. Her temper was ungovernable, and easily roused, especially when within sight of, or when spoken to by, any of the male species, for whom she from the first entertained a decided aversion. This was the chief reason for the bishop recommending her to be transferred to a convent, where none of the male sex would cross her path to vex her.

Once within the walls of her new abode, the wild girl was immediately baptized, but by what Christian name we have not been able to ascertain, the only title given to her from that period having been Mademoiselle Leblanc. The secluded nature of the place had no effect in taming her wild temper, so that low diet and frequent bleedings were resorted to. This treatment not only had a most prejudicial effect upon her health, but renewed her

desire to return to the woods. Indeed, it was remarked that the more she was subjected to privation and restraint, the more forcibly her savage propensities returned. On one occasion, she showed that her thirst for living animals had not wholly left her. A young lady, of a very blooming and sanguine complexion, who resided at Chalons, had a great curiosity to see her, and was seated at dinner when she was introduced. There happened to be a chicken at table, and Mademoiselle Leblanc's eyes appearing wild and excited, the young lady offered her a wing; but the girl refused it, and trembling with excitement, said, with savage simplicity, "No, no, it is not that; it is you I want." As she said these words, she appeared so very much inclined to seize the young lady, that her attendant removed her by force.

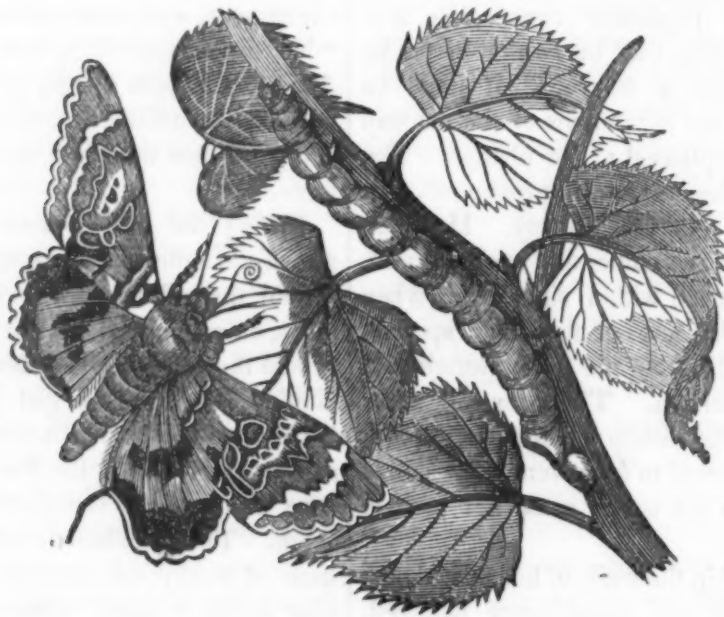
During the confinement of the wild girl in the convent, the queen of Poland passed through Chalons on her way from Paris, on purpose to see her. Her majesty had the bad taste to order a sort of exhibition, in which the girl performed all her savage tricks; she was made to howl as she was wont in the forest, and a live hare was actually brought her to suck to death. This exhibition had nearly terminated fatally, on account of her invincible dislike to men. One of the queen's officers was silly enough to make some jesting approach to her. In an instant she seized him by the throat, and would assuredly have strangled him, but for the interference of the by-standers.

After having remained some years in the convent, she became an object of such great curiosity to the Parisians, that M. de la Condamine, the celebrated mem-

ber of the Academy of Sciences, was commissioned to make a journey to Chalons to inquire into the particulars of the wild girl's life. On seeing her, and hearing her story, he determined to remove her to Paris for the purpose of placing her in some religious house in that city. On arriving, however, it was found that her health was so severely impaired, that the discipline of a monastic institution would be far from beneficial. Condamaine, therefore, having succeeded in raising by subscription a fund for her

support, provided an asylum for her near Paris, and proper persons to attend her. Towards the latter portion of her existence, few traces of the savage state in which she was found in Soigny remained; at all events, if any existed, the ill health in which she spent the latter days of her life prevented her from manifesting them. She died at Paris in the year 1780, forty-nine years after her capture by Monsieur de Soigny, and in about the sixty-second year of her age.

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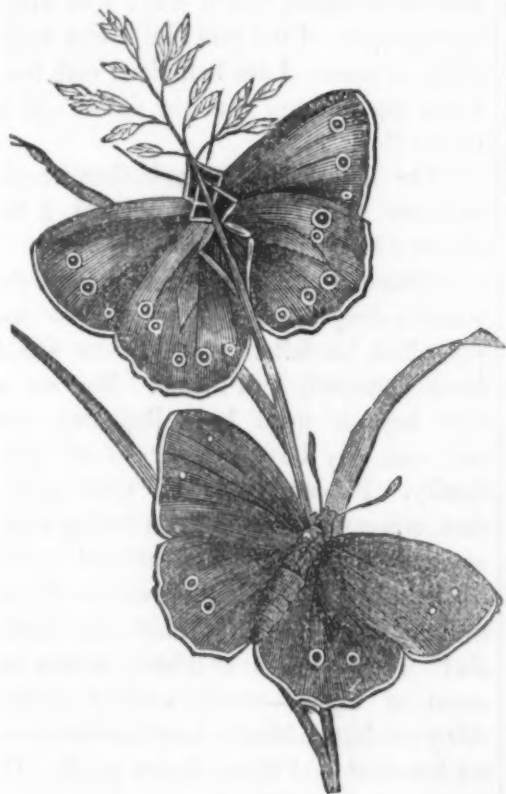


### Butterflies.

**W**HEN one looks on a butterfly, free as the very air, and seeming like a gaudy flower that has taken wings, the poetic wish of the child—"I'd be a butterfly"—is not so very strange or unnatural. In all ages, these insects have attracted the attention of mankind,

not only on account of their beauty, their airy motions, and their association with summer and flowers, but because of their wonderful transformation, in the process of creation. At first, they are eggs, then worms, then the gayest and gaudiest of winged things.

The butterfly family is a very large one, and includes an almost infinite variety. They are found in nearly all countries, but those of hot climates are the most splendid. They have all four wings and six legs, but two of the latter are of no use, so far as we can find out.



The moths may be said to be of the butterfly race, for they have the same general form and structure; they come into existence, live, and perish in the same way. But, while butterflies go forth by day, the moths, like owls and bats, steal forth at night. Thus it is, while the butterflies are all asleep, we see, at night, the moths buzzing around the candle; and, often dazzled and bewildered, they rush into the blaze, and are singed to death.

## The Story of Colbert.

[Continued from vol. xi. p. 171.]

### CHAPTER II.

"I WISH to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And, still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red.

"I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing.

"Here are several pieces of cloth for your honor to choose from," added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said, "Let me see," at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened. And scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. "I like this best; what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a-yard," answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace, which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

"Very well," said the latter; "it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir——"

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards, at fifteen crowns, makes four hundred and fifty crowns; here they are." And go-

ing with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

"Do you know how to write, my little friend?" said he to him.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money: Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth; both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocular, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

"Well?" said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—"well?"

"Here we are, at last," said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. "You have made no mistake, I hope," said he.

"I don't think I have," said Baptiste, quietly.

"But I think you have," said Moline, with a smothered laugh.

"Do you think so, Moline? do you think so?" cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets; "but, indeed, I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and, if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting;

No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled."

"Eight crowns! eight crowns!" cried Baptiste, astounded; "are you sure of that, godfather?"

"Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six."

"On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but ——"

"Fifteen! fifteen!" interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed. "Fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honor to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit—thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. O, happy day!"

"How, godfather? would you take advantage?" said Baptiste, drawing back, instead of advancing.

"O, perhaps you want to go shares," said the dishonest shopkeeper. "Certainly; I agree to let you have something."

"Godfather!" interrupted young Colbert, in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, "I cannot agree to any such thing——"



"Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me."

"And I will go," continued Baptiste, "to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me."

And with these words Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

"Can I see M. Cenani?" asked the breathless Baptiste, of the valet-de-chambre, who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet; "my master is dressing."

"I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; "it is absolutely necessary I should see him."

"I will go and inquire," said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois?" asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

"It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now," said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"O, pray, sir, one word," said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

"What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?" asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. "I am engaged. Go."

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

"Sir," said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, "I have imposed upon you — unintentionally, it is true — but that does not make you the less wronged." Then, taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added, "Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a-yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir; will you see if it is right?"

"Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?" said the banker, quickly changing his tone; "are you certain there is no mistake?"

"You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No 3?"

"It is," said Comtois, going to examine.

"The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you

in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honor of wishing you good morning."

"Stay a moment, one moment!" cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door; "do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?"

"I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns."

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued, "And you might have easily kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of that, sir," replied the young apprentice, with artless simplicity.

"But if you had thought of it?" again inquired the elegant Parisian.

"It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here." And a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of this money, that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?"

"What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir," said Baptiste, without hesitation.

"You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand; "you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," repeated he. "What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your ser-

vice," replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

"And how old are you, Baptiste?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavoring to recall something to his memory; is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir."

"And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

"Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity! what a pity!"

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet-de-chambre, reappearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**B**LIND HORSE. — A blind stage horse, that ran in one of the coaches in the north of England for several years, was so perfectly acquainted with all the stables, halting places, and other matters, that he could never be driven past his own stable; and at the coming of the coach he belonged to, called the "Ten o'clock," he would turn out, of his own accord, into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that, although half a dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet he never stirred till the sound of the "Ten o'clock" was heard in the distance.

*Jonathan Wild**Jack Sheppard.*

## Two Famous Rogues.

**T**HERE are hardly to be found, in the annals of crime, two more celebrated rogues than Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard — yet they were very unlike each other.

Jonathan Wild was so celebrated in his day that the renowned author Fielding wrote his life. He tells us that he was so addicted to thieving, that when, at last, he was sentenced to be hung, and while standing on the scaffold, with hundreds of spectators around, he picked the hangman's pocket of a corkscrew.

This desperate fellow was a native of Wolverhampton in England, and born about the year 1682. He removed early to London, which was the chief scene of his operations. He was a great schemer, and formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the chief manager. At this very time, he pretended to be very honest, and would sometimes go and tell where goods were, which he had

caused to be stolen, so as to get a character for integrity, and also to get the reward offered for finding them. When it suited his purpose, he would appear as a witness in court against the very rogues he had employed; and it is said that in various ways he caused one hundred of his fellow-laborers to be executed, and all this to save his own neck, or to fill his own pocket.

For a good many years Jonathan escaped justice; but he had a variety of desperate encounters, and finally he fell into the meshes of the law, and was hung at Tyburn, amid the hisses of an enraged populace, May 24, 1725. Such was the turbulence of his nature, that his body was marked all over with scars; his throat had been cut and his skull fractured in two places.

Jack Sheppard was the son of a weaver of good character, in Spitalfields, London. At an early age he fell into

habits of dissipation, and then became one of a desperate gang of thieves and pickpockets. He soon became famous, and was noted for a certain kind of generosity in the midst of his villainies. He was several times convicted of crimes, but he had an extraordinary faculty of escaping from prison. The following account is given of one of these escapes—he having been indicted for a capital offence, and being in Newgate prison awaiting his trial.

“On the 15th of October, about two in the afternoon, one of the keepers brought him his dinner; and having, according to custom, examined his irons and found all fast, left him. Jack instantly went to work; and having first disencumbered himself of his handcuffs, he opened the great padlock that fastened his chain to the staple, by means of a crooked nail which he had found upon the floor. He next twisted asunder a small link of the chain between his legs, and drawing up his feet-locks as high as he could, he made them fast with his garters. He now attempted to get up the chimney, but had not advanced far, when he found his progress stopped by an iron bar that went across within. He was therefore obliged to descend; but, falling to work on the outside, he managed, by means of his broken chain, to remove a stone or two about six feet from the floor, and having thus got out the iron bar, which was an inch square and about a yard long, it greatly facilitated his further progress. He presently made so large a breach, that he got into the red-room over the castle, where he found a great nail, which proved another useful auxiliary.

“The door of this room had not been

opened for several years, but in less than seven minutes Jack wrenched off the lock, and then got into the entry leading to the chapel. Here he found a door bolted on the other side, upon which he broke a hole through the wall and pushed the bolt back. Coming now to the chapel door, he broke off one of the iron spikes, which he kept for further use, and so got into an entry between the chapel and the lower leads. The door of this entry was very strong, and fastened with a great lock; and, what was worse, the night had overtaken him, and he was forced to proceed in darkness. Nevertheless, in half an hour, he managed to force off the box of the lock, and open the door, which, however, led him to another still more difficult, for it was not only locked, but barred and bolted. When he had tried in vain to make this lock and box give way, he wrenched the fillet from the main post of the door, and the box and staples came off with it.

“St. Sepulchre’s chimes now went eight, and there was yet another door betwixt him and the lower leads; but it being only bolted within side, he opened it easily, and, mounting to the top of it, he got over the wall, and so to the upper leads. His next consideration was how to get down. For this purpose, looking around him, and finding that the top of the turner’s house, adjoining to Newgate, was the most convenient place to alight upon, he resolved to descend upon it. To take a leap would have been very dangerous; he therefore went back to the castle the same way that he came, and brought a blanket which he used to lie upon. This he made fast to the wall of Newgate with the spike he stole out



of the chapel, and so, sliding down, dropped upon the turner's leads.

"Just as he had performed this feat, the clock struck nine. Luckily, the turner's garret door on the leads happened to be open; he therefore went in, and, having crept softly down stairs, he heard company talking in a room below. His irons giving a clink, a woman started, and exclaimed, "What noise is that?" Somebody answered, "It is the dog or the cat;" when Sheppard crept back to the garret, and continued there about two hours. Having then ventured down a second time, he heard a gentleman take leave of the company, and saw the maid

light him down stairs. As soon as the maid returned, and had shut the chamber door, he made the best of his way to the street door, unlocked it, and thus once more effected his escape, just as it had struck twelve at night."

Jack continued to pursue his adventurous career; but he was again caught, and, in spite of his ingenious contrivances to elude justice, he was taken, tried, and hung at Tyburn, on the 16th of November, 1724, being only twenty-three years old. What a fearful life, what a dreadful death, for one who had talents which might have raised him to a station of usefulness and honor!



*Gate Way.*

## Mount Auburn.

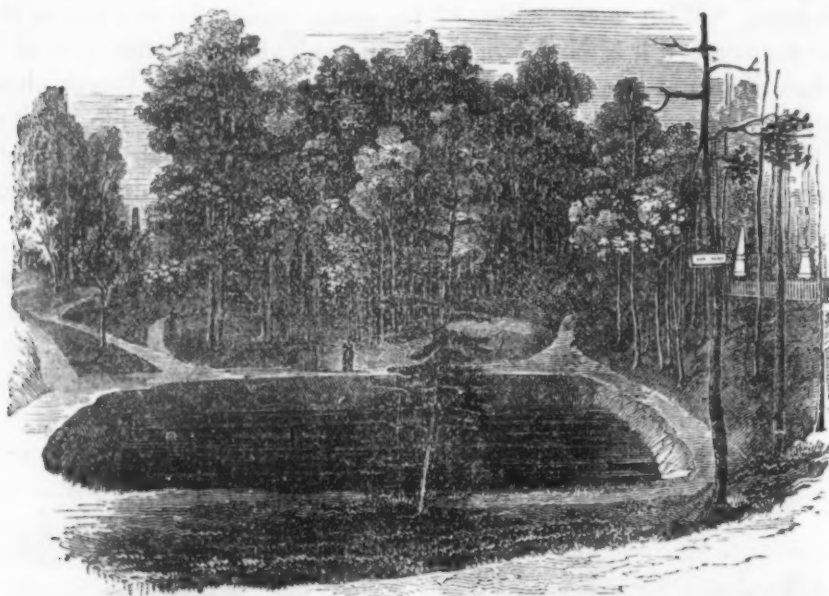
**W**E propose to devote a few pages to this hamlet of the dead.—It was a sweet spot as it came from the hand of nature; but it has been improved by art, and fitted for its solemn

purposes. It is now the home of our kindred. There sleep the high and the humble—those who lived many years and went down with gray hairs to the tomb, and those of a few days, who

were cut off like early flowers by the frosts of spring. There lie Spurzheim and Story, among the men of fame — and there sleep M'Clellan and Buckingham, among the youthful and the beloved. And all around these, and many other sleepers, there are trees in full leaf, and flowers in full bloom; and birds

are singing there, and the sunshine is dancing upon the face of rippling waters. 'Tis a lovely spot — beautiful and holy — beautiful to the eye, and holy to the heart.

The grounds are shaped into hills and valleys, and pathways are cut between; and as you pass along, sheets of water, and



*Consecration Dell.*

white monuments, of chaste and classic forms, shine upon the eye, through the shadowy vistas that open on every side. How cold and senseless are these marbles! yet not colder than the human forms that repose beneath them. How solemn is the city of the dead! and yet here death itself is robbed of its gloom. The place is mournful, yet suggestive of hopeful and cheerful thoughts. We know that the dead, the departed, are here; but there is a sermon in the scene, which teaches us that this is not their final resting-place. The interest we feel in these forms convinces us that they are

not really dead, but sleeping. When we go away, the mind returns often to the place, and becomes familiar with death. We are thus made to think of our own departure, and the remembrance of the tomb mingles in the affairs of busy life. The idea of death is now not shut out as a horrible and revolting vision; it is admitted and made the subject of frequent contemplation, and reflection. It may well be hoped, that, under such circumstances, the reality of death may be established in the mind, and a preparation for it be the natural result.

The cemetery of Mount Auburn is sit-

uated in Cambridge, about four miles north-west of Boston. The grounds comprise about 70 acres, and are now encircled with a handsome iron railing.

The place had been long known by the name of "Sweet Auburn"—a fact which shows how its beauty, even in a state of nature, had struck the mind of observers.



*Forest Pond.*

The idea of purchasing this place for a cemetery was started about the year 1825; and that year a meeting upon the subject was held by several gentlemen, at the house of Dr. Bigelow, in Boston. This was followed by efficient measures in 1831; the site was purchased for six thousand dollars, and an act of incorporation obtained from the state. In September, 1831, the place was consecrated, there being more than two thousand persons present. On this occasion, Judge Story delivered an address, full of interesting and beautiful thoughts. From this we make the following extract:—

"What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises be-

fore us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise, will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth!—the rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of long lineage. How many will here bury their brightest hopes, of blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many

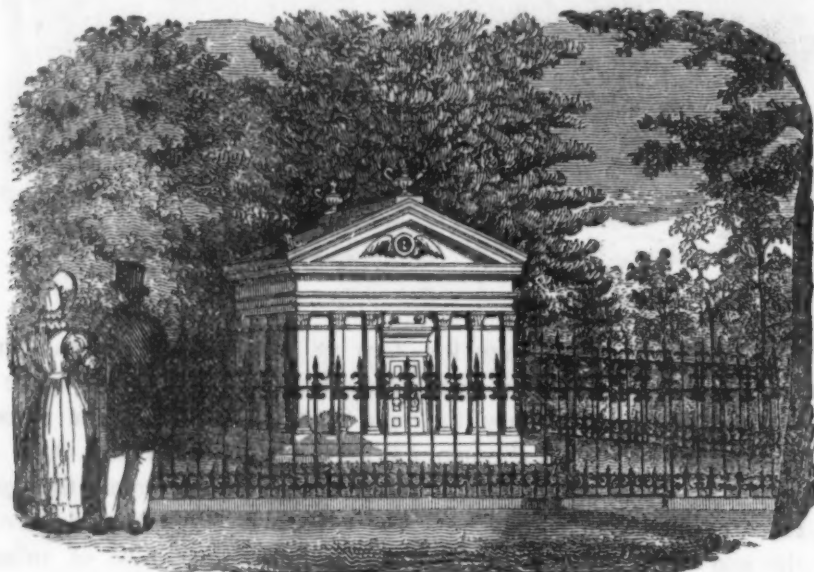
agonizing signs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the path-ways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love! And if this were all, sad, indeed, and funereal, would be our thoughts; gloomy, indeed, would be these shades, and desolate these prospects."

It is not necessary that we should give a minute account of this interesting cemetery, for our readers have all seen it, or heard a great deal about it; but, for the benefit of those who have never had the

pleasure of visiting it, we shall give a few brief sketches of the most interesting objects to be seen.

Garden Pond is a lovely sheet of water, not far from the entrance, to the grounds. A neat walk passes around it, and bright flowers, that bloom along the margin, are reflected in the tranquil waters. There are also other charming pieces of water, among which Forest Pond is conspicuous.

A little beyond this is the tomb of the celebrated German phrenologist Spurz-



*Appleton Monument.*

heim, who died in Boston, in November, 1832, aged 56 years.

No sacred voice of Father-land,  
Like home familiar, soothed his bed;  
No ancient friend's blest, welcome hand  
Raised his sick head.  
From the far home that gave him birth,  
A pilgrim o'er the ocean wave,  
He came to ind, in other earth,  
A stranger's grave.

As a specimen of the finer monuments in the cemetery, we present a view of that belonging to S. Appleton. It is of white Italian marble, in the form of a temple, of correct proportions, and beautifully chiselled. It is copied, we believe, from the model of a celebrated Roman tomb of high antiquity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





John Marshall

**T**HE man whose portrait we here give, was one of those persons whose memory is to be revered for his wisdom and his goodness. He was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, Sept. 24, 1755. His father was a very sensible man, and he gave John a good education, but he did not send him to college.

When John came to manhood, the revolutionary war had begun, and, like a good patriot, he went forth to help drive out King George's red-coats. When the war was over, he became a lawyer, and, though devoted to a very slippery profession, he showed that a lawyer may be an honest man.

When the question came up, in the Virginia House of Delegates, whether the present constitution should be adopted by

the people or not, Marshall put forth his eloquence in its behalf, and thus greatly aided in giving his country that good government under which it has since flourished.

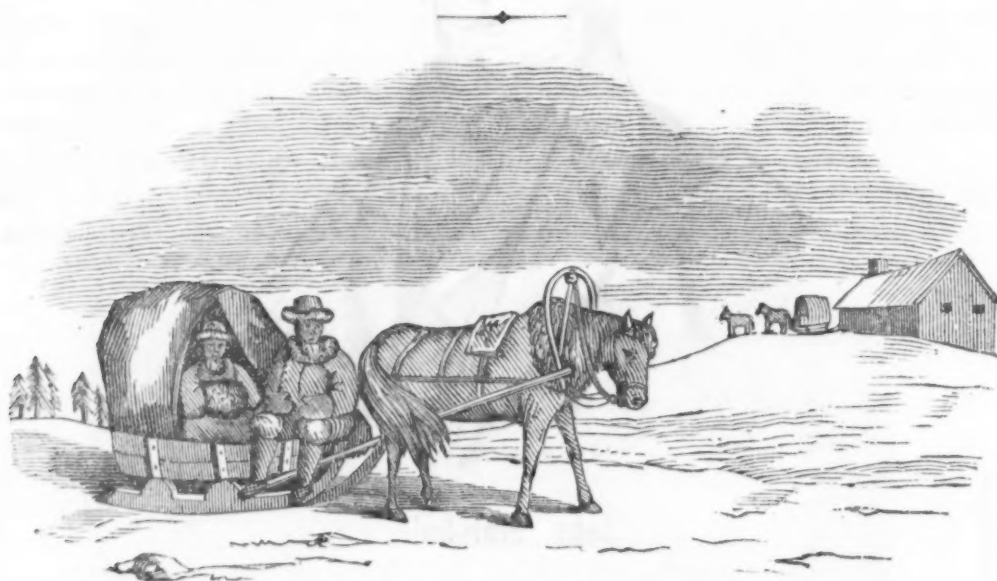
Such was now his reputation, that Washington tried to persuade him to accept several important offices; but, for private reasons, he declined. Afterwards, however, he went as minister to France, and, on his return, became a member of Congress, then secretary of war, then secretary of state, and, in 1801, chief justice of the United States.

It was in this latter situation that he acquired a lasting and enviable fame. He held the office till his death, in July, 1836; and, during this long period, his powerful mind, enlightened by his noble and truth-

loving heart, was devoted to the cause of justice.

What a blessing is a great and good man to his country! for he not only benefits the generation with which he lives, by

his acts, but he leaves his glorious example to all after ages, thus calling upon all those who have a noble ambition, to go and do likewise.



The Russian and his Sleigh.

**W**E here give a picture of an old North Ender—a Russian, with his wife, who live at the northern extremity of the globe. They are all dressed up in furs; and well they may be, for, in their country, it is so cold in winter as to freeze brandy as hard as a stone. It is a pity it should ever be thawed out; but it is thawed out, and the Russians, men and women, take more of it than is wholesome.

We should hardly consider this Russian's outfit a very sumptuous one. He calls his vehicle a *kibitka*, and, instead of a pair of reins, he drives with a single rope or string. His harness consists, in part, of a high yoke, pressing against the shoulders of the horse. The *kibitka* itself is more like our ox sled than Cleopatra's Barge, which Mr. Niles, of Boston, fits out every winter for the boys and girls.

**I**N the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the duke

de C——, is a representation of the deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C family!"



### The Kamtskadales.

As we have been speaking of the Russians, we may as well say a few words of the Kamtskadales, who are subjects of Russia. They live on a long peninsula, which might seem the world's end. It is, in fact, the very north-eastern extremity of Asia, and is one of the coldest spots on the earth. It is impossible to raise wheat there; but there are some berries and roots, which the people eat.

They have a compensation for the scantiness of vegetable production in the profusion of animal life, which seems alike to fill earth, air, and water. The coasts swarm with seals and other marine animals; the rocks are coated with shell

fish; the bays are almost choked with herrings, and the rivers with salmon. Flocks of grouse, wild geese, and ducks, often darken the air. The country abounds in bears, which are fat, and greatly esteemed by the inhabitants.

Thus these people are supplied with an almost perpetual feast; and they consequently have sunk into a state of lazy, drunken sensuality. They are a short, copper-colored race, greatly resembling the Esquimaux. Like them, they have dogs, which they use in sledges. Their winter houses are half sunk in the earth, while those for summer are elevated on poles above it. They have wild dances, in which each man imitates a bear.

A CLEVER caricature represents a young lady seated at her piano-forte, and her Cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical?"  
 "Vy, no, miss; I am not musical myself, but I have a werry hexcellent snuff-box vot is."

## "Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from vol. xi. p. 188.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

**W**HEN the good people of R—— had settled it in their minds that Jacob Karl had burned down Granther Baldwin's barn, it may well be believed that their indignation was pretty not against him. Little was talked of in the town, during the day that followed the conflagration, besides his misdeeds; and a variety of tales, some true and some false, were put in circulation concerning him. But where was he now?

This was the question in every body's mouth; yet no one seemed able to answer it. Various rumors at this period were indeed afloat. Some of them suggested that he had fled to a neighboring village, and then gone to sea in a sloop which had just sailed for the West Indies. Some set forth that he had hidden himself in the depths of a neighboring swamp, vulgarly called *Owldom*. One person declared that he saw a person, very like Jacob, rush into the flames during the height of the conflagration of the barn; his hair standing up like bristles, his arms outstretched, and his fingers parted like eagles' claws.

While some said one thing and some another, several of the leading people of the town had arranged a plan for arresting the unhappy youth, which seemed sure to be successful. About twenty persons, mostly young men, met together, and, having arranged their plan, set out, in various directions, to pursue the fugitive.

Among the most active of these was one whom we have mentioned before —

Master Richard Grater. This youth, though scarcely sixteen years old, had a great degree of sagacity; and fancying that Jacob would naturally turn his steps toward his native place, he took the road that led thither. Pushing on rapidly, he reached the town in a couple of days, and began to make inquiries respecting the object of his search. The story of the fire had already preceded him, and when the people of the place heard that old Jacob Karl's son was the incendiary, they rolled up their eyes, and declared, "I thought so;" "What else could you expect?" "The young rascal will be hanged, of course?" In an especial manner did the smooth, quiet, and respectable lawyer Sponge avow his horror of the crime, and his earnest desire that such a dangerous person might be brought to justice.

Agreeably to these laudable sentiments, the lawyer took immediate steps to have Jacob seized, if perchance he had made his way to his birthplace, which was in a remote part of the town, and some miles distant. Accordingly, he employed several persons to go in search of the runaway, and, having his own horse tackled, he set out, personally, to aid in the discovery.

It chanced, however, that one person was present, who had an interest in poor Jacob's welfare, and who determined to aid his escape, if possible. This individual has already been introduced to the reader, as giving to the boy his father's will, and enjoining it upon him to keep it safe. He was a meagre little man, stooping in the shoulders, and his right leg bending outwards in the form of a sickle. His true name was Luther Munn; but this had been transmuted into the vulgar title



of *Leather Man*, by which nickname he was generally known in the town of L—.

No sooner had this person learned what was in contemplation respecting Jacob, than he set out, unseen, and, making his spider-like legs fly pretty fast, he approached, ere long, the site of his father's old hut. Bending his eyes forward, he had no difficulty in discerning the form, apparently of a youth, sitting upon a stone, by the side of the desolate and deserted ruins of the old miser's mansion.

Jacob was indeed there. After the severe chastisement inflicted by farmer Lane, and which he felt in his heart to be unjust, he determined to leave forever the place in which he had now lived several years. Where he was to go, and what he was to do, he had not clearly determined, when, late at night, he packed up his scanty wardrobe, placed his father's will in his pocket, and set forth upon his adventures. He hardly knew the direction in which lay his native place, the town of L—; but, by a sort of instinct, his footsteps tended that way, and, after three days' wandering, he entered it. The objects now began to be faintly recognized, and at last he was able to make his way to the lonely borders of the place where his father's cottage had once stood.

The circumstances of Jacob's life were not of a nature to soften the boy's feelings; but now that he stood upon the ground familiar to him in early days,—the place of his birth, the home of his parents, the spot where his father died,—the tears came to his eyes, and he wept aloud in the fulness of his heart. The cottage was, indeed, level with the ground; its boards and timbers were tumbled in a

confused heap into the cellar, leaving the chimney of stones and mortar, as a sort of crumbling pyramid, to overlook the ruins. This spectacle of dilapidation, taken in connection with poor Jacob's unhappy condition,—an outcast from society, a wanderer, without home or kindred,—touched his heart deeply, and he mourned as bitterly over the wreck of his humble birthplace, as if it had been the stately abode of a long line of honored ancestors.

While he stood by the spot, looking wistfully on, he saw, amid the shadow of the ruin, a pair of feet step softly forth; and then a head was half presented; and then a pair of gleaming eyes were seen gazing full upon him. Was this his ancient friend, the soft companion of his boyhood, the cat that had a hundred times purred in his lap, was it really old Fire-eyes? Indeed, we cannot say; but Jacob spoke coaxingly to her, and then approached. But the creature slunk back into the recesses of the cellar, and nothing that he could do would tempt her forth. "What a wretch I am!" thought Jacob; "even old Fire-eyes will not come near me."

It was just at this point, and while the boy was still musing upon his unhappy fortunes, that he heard a footstep behind. Looking around, he saw the figure of a little crooked man approaching, with a rapid and eager step. Jacob snatched up his bundle, and had already begun to retreat, when Luther called aloud, to have him stop.

Jacob ran a short distance, then turned round, and took a survey of the queer figure that had so suddenly appeared to disturb his musings. Seeming to see nothing very alarming, he paused

and Luther approached him. "So, Master Jacob," said he, "you don't remember your old friend; but I hope you have not lost your father's will." This immediately brought to mind the scene which occurred at lawyer Sponge's house, and Jacob readily recognized, in the little image before him, the mysterious man who had confided to him his father's last will and testament.

Luther proceeded at once to the business in hand. Having inquired hastily into the cause of Jacob's departure from farmer Lane's, he proceeded to inform the youth of the burning of farmer Baldwin's barn; of the suspicion that rested on him, and of the search that was now being made for him. He closed by saying, "In half an hour, lawyer Sponge and the constable will be here to take you to prison."

"But if I am innocent," said Jacob, inquiringly, "they cannot hurt me?"

"I am not so sure of that," said Luther; "the circumstances appear against you; and Sponge will do all in his power to convict you. You had better trust your legs than the law. It's an awkward thing for one who has no friends to get into the jaws of a prison. Jonah's adventure in the whale's belly was nothing to it. Have you any money?"

"A little; two dollars," said the boy.

"Here, take this," said Luther, handing him five dollars. "Now make tracks!"

Jacob did as he was advised, cut across the fields, and made his way rapidly in the direction opposite the town of L—. Luther disappeared in another quarter, and the ruins of the old hut were left to their purring proprietor. But what was the dismay of the kind-hearted little man,

two hours after he had reached the house of Sponge, to see the lawyer and his posse come back, with poor Jacob in their clutches!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### The Scottish Shepherd.

**A** MAN who spends his life in tending sheep, is hardly to be found in our busy, bustling Yankee-land. Here sheep must take care of themselves; for men, and even boys, can do better than to follow sheep over the hills.

But in many foreign countries, the occupation of a shepherd has been followed from the earliest ages. If our readers ever travel in Europe, they will occasionally see men and boys, standing or reclining on the hill tops, with shaggy dogs at their side, and groups of sheep grazing around.

In Scotland, among the bleak, naked

mountains, shepherds are very common, and sometimes one may be seen having in charge five hundred sheep. It might seem a dull pursuit to wait upon these flocks from morning till night; but those brought up to it seem very fond of it. In all ages, the life of a shepherd has been viewed as gentle and peaceful, leading the mind to contemplations of nature and the great Author of nature, who makes himself visible in the seasons, in the phenomena of storm and calm, and in the steady march of the heavenly bodies.

### A Request.

**W**ILL any of our young readers send us a translation of the following pieces? —

Petit Bo Bouton  
A perdu ses moutons,  
Et ne sais pas qui les a pris;  
O, laissez les tranquilles;  
Ils viendront en ville,  
Et chaque sa queue après lui.

Garçons et filles, venez toujours;  
La lune est brillante comme le jour;  
Venez au bruit d'un joyeux éclat;  
Venez de bon cœur, ou ne venez pas.

### Our Correspondence.

**W**E have to acknowledge the favors of J. G., of Brooklyn; J. L. F., of N. York; W. A. S—rs; S. A. M., of Wyoming; E. H. N., of Robin's Nest, Illinois; J. V. K., of N. York; and A. P., of Atakapas Co., La. We intend to insert several of them, as we find space.

Our friend F. B., who is in college at Robin's Nest, has written us some pleasant letters,

and we should be sorry to lose his communications; but they are better adapted to our private reading than to the simple pages of the Museum. We have mislaid a long, merry epistle of his, over which we laughed heartily, or we should send it to him, as he desires.

Agreeably to our promise, we insert the following: —

ROSE GLEN, Jan. 26, 1846.

DEAR FATHER MERRY:

YOUR interesting Museum was a New Year's gift; and I am pleased to find you devote a few pages in each number to "Correspondence." I should like to enrol my name among your contributors. Carolus has informed us what productions flourish at the south, and I should like to describe a cold winter in New England, and the way the hardy farmer boys spend their time among the granite hills.

We are taught early habits of industry, and when our fathers and brothers are employed in ploughing and planting, hoeing and mowing, and reaping and harvesting, we assist them all we are able, and make ourselves useful in many ways; but when the busy seasons are past, we welcome with pleasure the approach of winter.

Winter is the time for leisure. He gives us a long holiday for fun and frolic, study and improvement. Every town is provided with schools, where arithmetic is taught, and we can learn to read and write our language, study the structure of the human body, the history of our country, the geography of the earth, and the natural sciences. It is pleasant to meet our comrades every morning in the school-room, attend to the same lessons and receive the same instruction. It awakens a spirit of ambition, and makes us emulous to learn. At recess we are very merry and active, and have some fine games at snow-ball. Saturday afternoon is allowed us for amusement, and sometimes a few of us club together and go a-fishing. We carry bait, hooks and lines, and an axe to cut holes through the ice; and if the fish bite well, we bring home some nice trout or pike for our Sunday breakfast, and are proud enough of our success. Bright moonlight evenings, we have some jovial skating frolics, and often lose the centre of gravity, or come in collision with each other, and catch a solid bump; but we hop up again, rub the injured part, and treat the matter as lightly as possible. I might say a great deal about coasting, and sleighing, and skating, and thanksgiving; but I must now draw this long letter to a close, wishing you the generous patronage of a grateful community.

Affectionately yours,

A. N. L.

# Hop's Melody for the Young Ones.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The second system follows the same format, with the melody continuing in the treble staff and the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

O gen - le stranger, stop, And hear poor lit - tle Hop Just  
sing a sim - ple song, Which is not ver - y long. Hip, hip, hop!

I am an honest toad,  
Living here by the road:  
Beneath a stone I dwell,  
In a snug little cell.  
Hip, hip, hop

It may seem a sad lot  
To live in such a spot;  
But what I say is true —  
I have fun as well as you.  
Hip, hip, hop.

Just listen to my song:  
I sleep all winter long —  
But in spring I peep out,  
And then I jump about.  
Hip, hip, hop.

When the rain patters down,  
I let it wet my crown;  
And now and then I sip  
A drop with my lip.  
Hip, hip, hop.

When the bright sun is set,  
And the grass with dew is wet,  
I sally from my cot,  
To see what's to be got.  
Hip, hip, hop.

And now I catch a fly,  
And now I wink my eye,  
And now I take a hop,  
And now and then I stop.  
Hip, hip, hop.

And this is all I do —  
And yet they say it's true,  
That the toady's face is sad,  
And his bite is very bad!  
Hip, hip, hop.

O, naughty folks they be,  
To tell such fibs of me;  
For I'm an honest toad,  
Just living by the road.  
Hip, hip, hop.